204

A N

E L E G Y

On the DEATH of the late Revd.

Mr. *George Whitefield*, A. M.

And Chaplain to the Right Honourable the

COUNTESS of Huntington.

EXHIBITING

A brief HISTORY of his LIFE, LABOURS, and glorious DEATH.

HE, having preached the Goſpel with amazing Succeſs for about Thirty-five Years, finiſhed his Work, and fell aſleep in the Arms of Jeſus, on Sunday the 30th of September 1770, at *Newberry-Port*, near *Boſton* in *New England*, in the 56th Year of his Age.

By T. KNIGHT,
Miniſter of the Goſpel at HALIFAX in *Yorkſhire*.

The Righteous ſhall be in everlaſting Remembrance. Pſ. cxii. 6.

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IT may ſuffice for an Anſwer, ſhould any aſk, "Why "doth this Elegy make its Appearance in the World, "ſo long after the Death of the Perſon who is the Sub-"ject of it, and when ſo many Things of a ſimilar Nature "have been already publiſhed?" That I had no Deſign of writing any Thing of this Kind 'till a few Days ago, purely for the Reaſons urged in the Queſtion. But having ſeen none of the Elegies that have been written on the Occaſion, that have entered into ſuch a ſuccinct Account of the Labours, &c. of Mr. WHITEFIELD's Life, as I thought might not only be ſatisfactory, but ſomewhat uſeful, I have been induced to ſend this abroad, (though ſomewhat unſeaſonably,) which, ſhould it be found anſwerable to my Deſign, I have my Reward, and the Lord Jeſus Chriſt ſhall have all the Glory.

T. KNIGHT.

HALIFAX,
May 3d. 1771.

BRITISH MUSEUM

A N

E L E G Y.

MANY have ſung the mournful ſong, and well,
How that dear man of God great *Whitefield*, fell;
But an Archangel's, ev'n a *Gabriel's* tongue,
Can ſcarce ſuffice to raiſe an equal ſong.
Melpomene * herſelf muſt ſlack her ſtring,
And own h'event's beyond what ſhe can ſing.
Urania, who canſt ev'ry paſſion bind,
And knowſt to melt the moſt obdurate mind,
Impart thy aid; the workings of his heart,
While yet eſtrang'd from God, to us impart.
What painful agonies his ſoul oppreſt,
And how the Lord, the ſpirit, gave him reſt;
With love for precious ſouls his boſom fir'd,
His fearleſs heart, with holy zeal inſpir'd.
His labours indefatigable tell,
The numbers by him ſav'd from gaping Hell,
His word how own'd, and bleſt, at home, abroad,
And laſt, how he was gather'd to his God.
Nature the ſame in him, as 'tis in all,
Corrupted, and depraved by the fall.
And luſt, in infant years conceiv'd within †
His heart degenerate, and brought forth ſin.

* One of the muſes, ſaid to preſide over elegiac verſe.

† The carnal heart is as a womb, there luſt conceives, and brings forth that moſt hideous, and deteſtable of all monſters *ſin*, and ſin (ſaith the Apoſtle James) when it is finiſhed, bringeth forth death.

And govern'd by a ſenſual carnal mind,
He trod the common path of all mankind.
For all the human-race ſprung from one blood,
Propenſe alike to ill, averſe from good;
The noble, and ignobly born, all tread,
The devious way that leads down to the dead,
Nor moral precept, nor chaſtiſing rod,
Can e'er reduce the ſtraying ſoul to God. †
But *Jeſus*, who can ne'er forget his own,
From 'midſt ten thouſand angels looking down,
Saw *Whitefield* weltr'ing lie in ſins, and blood,
Amongſt th'ungodly throng who know not God;
And mildly ſaid, "Father, behold a ſheep,
"Committed to my care to ſave, and keep,
"One number'd with thy *choſen*, madly ſtrays,
"And runs with ſinners in unrighteous ways.
"Let grace deſcend and captivate his mind,
"Turn his affections, and his paſſions bind,
"Wound deep his ſoul, and make his conſcience ſmart,
"And feel the anguiſh of a broken heart."
The loving father heard, and from his throne,
Soft grace, but ſov'reign ſpeedily ſent down,
Grace touch'd his heart, he ſtraight began to mourn,
He ſtood amaz'd, and knew not where to turn;
He groan'd, he ſigh'd, from out the painful deep,
And ſought ſome ſilent chamber where to weep.
And as the wounded hart her kind forſakes,
And flies o'er hills, and dales, o'er lawns, and brakes;
So he oppreſt, laments the deadly wound,
Faſts, prays, and hopeleſs rolls on the cold ground,
Alarm'd by yawning whirpools of deſpair,
Nor one kind ray of hope his mind can chear;
His pray'rs, his tears, his penitence is ſin,
And all ſeems dark, and quite deprav'd within.

† That the elect like others are by nature under the influence of a carnal mind, appears from *Eph.* ii. 1, 2, 3. And the time of their calling, and deliverance therefrom, depends intirely on the ſovereign good pleaſure of God.

What

What ſhall he do? Can Jeſus ſee him lie
O'erwhelm'd with ſorrow, and deſpairing die?
No, "O my Father, ſend the ſpirit down,"
Said the kind Saviour, the co-equal Son,
"And heal the broken heart of this my favour'd one.
"Pronounce his pardon, and create his peace,
"Take, ſhew to him my blood, and righteouſneſs,
"Bear witneſs to his heart I for him di'd,
"Bid him believe, and now be juſtified:
"And having known how gracious I am,
"It is my will that he ſhould bear my name
"To nations far remote, ſhut up in night,
"And heathens turn from darkneſs unto light."
What Jeſus aſks can never be deny'd,
He pleads, and ſhews his hands, his feet, his ſide;
The pow'rful oratory of his blood,
Can never fail t'obtain his ſuit with God.
Deſcends the ſpirit, and with voice divine,
Soft whiſpers, "fear not *Whitefield*, thou art mine.
"For thee did Jeſus ſhed his precious blood,
"For thee he lives to intercede with God."
Then, as the ſun emerging from the ſea,
Diſpels the ſhades, and wide diffuſes day;
So this dear child of God ſhook off his fears,
Diſmiſs'd his ſorrows, and dri'd up his tears;
Rejoic'd and triumph'd in the Saviour's name,
Aſcribing his ſalvation to the lamb.
Shall he be ſilent and rejoice alone,
And not tell others what the Lord hath done?
No, full of God, enflam'd with holy zeal,
He burns, he thirſts, he pants for others weal;
And like a flame, expanding to embrace,
With arms of charity the human race,
He longs that all ſhould taſte redeeming grace.
He mourn'd when he beheld the horrid gloom,
The clouds that over ſhadow'd chriſtendom,
Religion dying under ev'ry name,
His native land o'erſpread with guilt and ſhame.
Jeruſalem he ſaw a heap of ſtones,
And Zion mourning her degen'rate ſons,

And

And few who durſt be bold to ſpeak for God,
Or point loſt ſinners to th'atoning blood.
" Go forth my *Whitefield*," the Redeemer ſaid,
" Lift up thy voice with ſtrength, be not afraid;
" Expoſe the ſins of this degenerate land,
" Declare my awful judgments near at hand;
" Sap the foundation of ſelf-righteous pride,
" And lead the mourners to my bleeding ſide."
He, ſelf-diſtruſting, ſaid, my Lord, but who
Am I, a feeble child, that I ſhould go?
Lo, ſaid *Immanuel*, I will hold thy hand,
Nor men, nor devils, ſhall thy word withſtand.
Then, *David* like, a ſtripling to behold,
But in the ſtrength of God divinely bold,
Went forth our hero; nor went forth alone,
For in his looks a heavenly glory ſhone,
But heard his voice, ſuch power cloath'd his word,
The ſtubborn ſinner felt, and fear'd the Lord.
Th'aſtoniſh'd multitudes with wonder gaz'd,
Indignant ſome, and ſome aghaſt amaz'd,
With ſouls half-quicken'd, and half open'd eyes,
Expreſt their tears, with groans, and bitter cries.
While HE, the law inflexible reveal'd,
The ſtubborn infidel's damnation ſeal'd,
The ruin'd ſtate of *Adam*'s fallen race,
And man's recov'ry by redeeming grace;
Laid low the Phariſees o'erweening pride,
Pointed the publican to Jeſu's ſide,
Excluded ev'ry thing, and ev'ry name,
For man's ſalvation, but the bleeding Lamb.
But can with timid tameneſs Mammon's god
Look on, and ſee's infernal kingdom nod?
Has he loſt all his influence. ſhall one,
A ſtripling too, thus dare t'aſſail his throne?
" What ſleep, ſaid he, the people, and the prieſts?
" With helliſh rancour I'll inſpire their breaſts,
" And ſtem (if rage infernal can avail,)
" This hated flood of piety and zeal."
This ſaid, th'inflated multitude aroſe
With one conſent, determin'd to oppoſe

The

The ſpreading peſt; and ſtop (alaſs, alaſs,
Vain men,) the torrent of almighty grace.
With heat, and rage, his doctrines ſome explode,
As if not written in the Churches Code; *
Experience is enthuſiaſtic dream
Say they, th'effect of a diſtemper'd brain.
And ſtraightway all the holy doors exclude,
This giddy leader of the multitude. ‡
What ſhall he do? Go ſaid the Lord,
In fields, on hills, and mountains preach my word;
Obedient, *Whitefield* goes, and quickly found,
God's preſence not confin'd to holy ground. *a*
Fearleſs of man, he lifts his voice on high,
His roſtrum earth, his ſounding board the ſky;
While multitudes in vaſt abundance throng,
And hang delighted on the preacher's tongue. *b*
Allur'd by ſweeter than orphean ſtrains,
They run with eager haſte, to fields, and plains,
While God the ſpirit in his word comes down,
Like fruitful dews on meadows newly mown.
Some fell, o'erpow'rd with weight of ſin and woe,
While others trembling, cri'd, what ſhall we do?
Some felt the power of the atoning blood,
And ſang the praiſes of a pard'ning God.
Bear witneſs ye who ſaw that mighty day,
Bear witneſs to the truth of what I ſay,

---

* Meaning the articles and homilies of the Church of England.

‡ It does not ſeem that Mr. *Whitefield* had formed any views of field-preaching, untill he was refuſed the uſe of the Churches. And what would any perſon do under ſimilar circumſtances, who was perſuaded of his call from God to preach the goſpel?

a Churches and church-yards, conſecrated by the Biſhop.

b This ſeems to be the ſenſe of the word *εκρεματο*, Luke xix. 48, applied to Chriſt the moſt ſweet and powerful of all preachers, and this honour the Lord is pleaſed to confer upon his miniſters, whom he vouchſafes to own and bleſs in the diſcharge of their important duty.

Who

Who felt the pow'r of the atoning blood,
Before a ſcoffing world, proclaim your God.
Ye fields, bear witneſs of your unknown joys,
And *Kennington*, *c* which bloſſom'd as the roſe;
High-ways, and hedges, ye the herald heard,
And in your looks unwonted joy appear'd. *d*
Moorfields can witneſs, where looſe gamblers ſtroll'd,
How the intrepid youth attack'd your hold;
Nor fear'd your rage infernal, but declar'd
What judgments God for ſinners had prepar'd.
Upon *black-Heath*, ſee what a num'rous croud,
Attentive wait to hear the word of God;
Which, while he publiſhes with trumpet's voice,
A Myriad trembles, thouſands too rejoice.
At ev'n, at morn, beneath the burning ſun,
For living bread, the hungry thouſands run;
While he, obedient to his maſter, ſpreads
The goſpel-table, and the hungry feeds,
The city *Briſtol* alſo heard his voice,
And numbers in the goſpel could rejoice;
Who ne'er 'till then regarded Jeſu's name,
Now triumph in the glories of the lamb.
Nor *Kingſwood* ſinners will be laſt to tell,
How Jeſus ſnatch'd them from the loweſt hell;
By *Whitefield*'s miniſtry, when as their ſins,
Were awfully engrav'd in crimſon lines,
Where nought but blaſphemies, and oaths were heard,
Now the redeemer's name is lov'd and fear'd,
And by the ſland'rer, and miſcreant's tongue,
The praiſes of the triune God is ſung. ‡

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c A common near London, where Mr. *Whitefield* frequently preached to vaſt multitudes of people.

d Alluding to the prophet *Iſ.* Ch. xxxv, 1, 2.

‡ In this place is a great colliery, and as of ſoldiers, and ſailors, ſo it may too generally be obſerved of theſe, that the fear of God is not amongſt them. Yet the Lord was pleaſed by Mr. *Whitefield*'s miniſtry, ſo powerfully to operate upon the hearts of many, that a viſible and pleaſing change enſued, and which there is reaſon to hope was effectual, and ſaving.

What

What part of England hath not heard his fame?
Where did he not proclaim *Immanuel*'s name?
Amidst contempt, and scorn, he pass'd the nation,
Exulting to make known the great salvation;
Till where the devil now has fix'd his hold, *a*
He preach'd the word of truth divinely bold
Amongst the Scots, who then rejoic'd to hear
The gospel-trump, but now—I drop a tear.
O ye North-Britons, in your father's days,
Would Edinburgh have licens'd wicked plays?
Are ye so harden'd, not to be asham'd,
When truth, and God the holy-ghost's blasphem'd? *b*
Why your abandon'd sister imitate,
To call heav'n's judgments on both church and state?
Call back your former days, return, return,
Let zeal for Jesus in your bosom burn,
Oppose the innovation, and exile
Those impious pests of Britain's happy isle.
Nor did our preacher silent pass the road,
To northern climates, but proclaim'd his God
Through ev'ry county, and in ev'ry place,
He loudly publish'd Jesus, and free grace.
The northern counties have from east, to west,
Been with the gospel through his labours blest,
In *Yorkshire*, I have oft beside him stood
Delighted, while to the attentive croud,
He preach'd salvation, through th'atoning blood.

a Alluding to the play-house lately open'd in *Edinburgh*, built as it is said on the very spot of ground where this late servant of God, had often preached the gospel to very large congregations. *O tempora, O mores!*

b That wicked and most profane Comedy the *Minor*, has been lately exhibited in this new erected Theatre, even since the decease of that great man of God, whom it was intended to revile and ridicule—which may intimate to us, that the malice of the impious author, and the no less impious actors of that blasphemous farce, was ultimately against God himself,

And

And in that favour'd county, numbers, now
Confeſs what e'er of God, or grace they know,
They to his miniſtry, their firſt impreſſions owe.
So mightily the Lord was pleas'd to bleſs,
And crown his miniſtry with that ſucceſs,
Perhaps, ſince the firſt Chriſtians preach'd the word,
No one was e'er more favour'd of the Lord.
Indignant ſatan, trying ev'ry art,
Prepares himſelf to act another part,
And fill (if poſſible) with pride the preacher's heart.
He ſoftly whiſpers, "hail thou favour'd youth,
"Rais'd up to vindicate the fallen truth;
"The Phenix of the age—deſpiſe, condemn,
"Soft downy doctors, and their labours mean;
"Value thyſelf, as God doth thee ſo own,
"Thou mayſt become a man of much renown."
The pious youth, the helliſh fraud perceiv'd,
His ſoul was humbled, and his heart was griev'd;
Oppreſs'd and pain'd, with the infernal wound,
He proſtrate threw his body on the ground
Before the throne of grace, and ſighing ſaid,
"My God, my Saviour, ſend thine heav'nly aid,
"I am a child, O take me by the hand,
"For 'tis by thee, and thee alone I ſtand.
"The work is thine, the praiſe be thine, O Lord,
"Of all the good effected by thy word.
"O keep me humble, let no helliſh wile
"Elate my heart, and my poor ſoul beguile."
Thus praying, the redeemer heard, and ſaid,
"Ariſe my child belov'd, be not afraid;
"Of ſinners ſav'd, the glory ſhall be mine,
"The happineſs of a co-worker thine. †

† Miniſters are ſaid to be labourers together with God. 1 *Cor.* iii. 9. Workers together with him, 2 *Cor.* vi. 1. not as though God needed the help of man, or that man has a claim to any honour in the converſion of ſinners; they are at beſt, the apoſtles themſelves, but earthen veſſels, and the Lord uſeth them according to his own good pleaſure.

"Arm'd

" Arm'd therefore with my might, be not afraid,
" 'Midst all thy foes, I will lift up thine head.
" Satan may rage, and gnash his teeth with spite,
" I reign supreme, he sha'n't have leave to smite.
" Upheld by my right hand, fearless go on,
" And tell the scoffing world what God hath done;
" Make known my name, where e'er the source of light,
" His rays diffuseth, and dispels the night."
This heard, his heart with fervent zeal inspir'd,
With love for precious souls his bosom'd fir'd;
His mind enlarg'd, an island can't contain,
He longs, he hastes to cross the raging main;
Accounting wealth, and honour, pleasure, *loss*,
Rejoicing only in the Saviour's cross.
'Twas now he saw HIS wonders in the deep,
Who bids the surges rise, and bids them sleep;
Commands with pow'r Æolus can't attain
The blust'ring winds to blow, and to be hush'd again.
He saw rejoicing that God rules the seas,
Nor could his tongue be silent in his praise;
He taught the mariners the truths of God,
And daily preach'd to them the Saviour's blood;
And fervent in his prayers to the Lord,
Intreated earnestly for all on board.
Before the winds the floating vessel flies,
'Till borne where british setting suns arise;
A world unknown till late, shut up in night,
Nor favour'd with one ray of gospel light.
Did some (transported) bear the christian's name?
Whitefield soon found they were the christian's shame.
Inhumane, cruel, destitute of grace,
Nor much less brutal than the savage race.
Dost think O reader I exaggerate?
Enquire, of colonies the present state,
Of those call'd christian, of whatever name,
The cruel, and imperious lords the same:
That cursed maxim of the church of Rome,
That long enwrapp'd in darkness christendom,
They all adopt; that, " he who knows the least,
" Obeys his *earthly-minded lord* the best."

Hence

Hence, they forbid th'appointed means of grace
To the poor ſlaves, as not of human-race. †
Here the dear man of God, of whom I ſing,
His orders open'd, and proclaim'd his king;
Proclaim'd in Chriſt a reconciled God,
And peace, and pardon through th'atoning blood.
No ſooner did the untaught creatures hear,
Than wave ſucceeding wave of joy, and fear,
In their benighted minds alternate rolls,
As heav'nly light breaks in upon their ſouls.
With heaving boſoms, and o'er flowing eyes,
They ſpread their hands, and look up to the ſkies;
While God, themſelves, and heav'n, and earth, they view,
In ſuch a point of light, that all ſeem new.
If ſervants e'er might equal with their Lord,
'Twas now great *Whitefield* might have been ador'd;
But how much heav'nly grace doth higher riſe,
It ſinks a perſon more in his own eyes;
And who with grace divine is moſt replete,
Will ſit moſt lowly at the Saviour's feet.
So this great man, as fluſh'd with more ſucceſs,
Eſteem'd himſelf the meaner, and the leſs;
Nor ſought the glory due unto his Lord,
For any good effected by his word.
His heart was mov'd when he beheld the ſeed,
The helpleſs offspring, of the parents dead;
For tendereſt ſenſations touch'd his breaſt,
When e'er he ſaw the human-kind diſtreſt.
" My Lord, ſaid he, the gold, the ſilver's thine,
" Wilt thou be pleas'd to favour my deſign,
" A father to theſe orphans let me be,
" Collecting them into one family.

† Do not the pious and charitable gentlemen in England, who contribute annually for the ſending of miſſionaries abroad, deſign that the poor negroes, and indians ſhould be taught the knowledge of God? And would it not be adviſeable for theſe worthy gentlemen to enquire whether their liberality be applied in a manner ſuited to their deſign?

" But

" But I'm a ſtranger in this land, alone,
" What can I? gold and ſilver I have none,
" But like the patriarchal ſire I ſtand,
" No houſe, nor barn, nor yet a foot of land;
" O Lord look down with pity in thine eyes,
" Bid ſtreams of water in this deſart riſe;
" Build a *Bethesda*, * and with copious bread,
" Be helpleſs orphans at thy table fed."
'Twas thus the pious youth his pray'r preferr'd,
He pray'd in faith, and the Redeemer heard;
Approv'd the purpoſe, bleſt the pious deed,
And made his work, and wiſhes well ſucceed.
Renavigating to his native land,
He publiſh'd to his friends what he had plan'd;
Aſk'd their aſſiſtance, and the Lord inclin'd
Their hearts, to offer with a *willing mind*.
Who felt the influence of Jeſu's blood,
Aſſiſted willingly the work of God,
And each according to his hand, his gift beſtow'd.
But now the envious world began t'exclaim,
Condemn'd his conduct, and traduc'd his name,
Rais'd ſlanderous reports of ev'ry kind,
" Religious fraud was all that he deſign'd."
But he unmov'd, appealing to his God
For his integrity, the work purſu'd,
Returns to *Georgia*, enflam'd with zeal,
For Jeſus cauſe, and the poor orphan's weal,
Purſues his plan, while with uplifted eyes,
He daily ſeeks aſſiſtance from the ſkies,
He ſees with joy, the wiſh'd for ſtructure riſe.
But ſhould I follow a ſuccinct detail,
Of all his pious labours, time would fail;
It may ſuffice to ſay, the Lord deſign'd
Him, as a public bleſſing to mankind;
And, peradventure, 'till the Lord ſhall come,
The name of *Whitefield*, will be dear to ſome.

---

* *Bethesda* is the name given to the Orphan-Houſe by the late worthy founder of it, and ſignifies the houſe of mercy, or kindneſs; a proper name for a building erected on ſuch a plan, and deſigned for ſuch purpoſes. He

He was a ſtranger to that narrow mind,
That ſeems to think ſalvation is confin'd
To ſect, or party; and as he approv'd
All that lov'd Chriſt, he was by all belov'd. ‡
His eye was ſingle, and his only aim,
Was to exalt the glories of the lamb.
Nor did he when moſt own'd of God, affect
To be, or ſtil'd, the leader of a ſect.
Benevolent, and generous his mind,
To pity, and compaſſion, much inclin'd.
Prompt to do good, ſhew *favour, and to lend*,
The poor in him were ſure to find a friend.
Did he the gifts of chriſtian friends receive?
It was that chriſtian friends he might relieve;
That while with heav'nly food their ſouls were fed,
Their bodies might not want the common bread.
On earthly good he never fix'd his heart,
For God had given him a better part;
His riches this, his pleaſure, and his crown,
That God his labours would ſucceed and own.
If any chriſtian friends did at their death,
Reſpectful, ſome ſmall legacies bequeath, *a*
His care was, how to lay them out for God,
On chriſtian friends at home, or thoſe abroad,
Witneſs the *orphans*, and the *widows* in the *road*. *b*

‡ How much Mr. *Whitefield was* eſteemed by all profeſſing parties, appears by the many ſermons preached on the occaſion of his death, as ſo many tokens of reſpect to his memory.

a Mr. *Whitefield* has been reflected on by ſome, as having amaſſed a conſiderable ſum of money, which he appears to have been poſſeſſed of at his death; but whoever will be at the expence of a fair enquiry, will find, that what money Mr. *Whitefield* was poſſeſſed of when called to leave the world, had been left him in ſeveral legacies, not long before; and which, (had not his friends diſſuaded him,) he would immediately have expended in the cauſe of God.

b Alluding to the widows' houſes adjoining to the chapel in Tottenham-court road.

Nor

Nor was his zeal like to a tranſient flow'r,
Or meteor like, died in its natal hour.
But ſtedfaſt in the cauſe of God and truth,
His manly years did honour to his youth.
And as the dawn illuminates the ſkies,
Increaſing light, 'till beauteous Phebus riſe;
So *Whitefield* ſtill went on in ſtrength renew'd,
Trod the ſame path, and the ſame end purſu'd. †
How oft, by thoſe, to whom he had been bleſt,
His heart was grieved, and his ſoul diſtreſt;
Who yeſterday would not have ſpar'd their eyes,
The ſame to day in indignation riſe
Reject his doctrine, and the man deſpiſe.
But he, like Atlas' maſſy hill unmov'd,
Maintain'd the truth, and its oppoſer's lov'd;
Still preach'd ſalvation free, through ſov'reign grace,
And ſaw his converts day by day increaſe.
As tender parents for their offspring's weal,
Affections find, which none but parents feel;
So *Whitefield* felt for thoſe ſelected ones,
Who by his word were his begotten ſons;
Nor could he long forget, however bleſt
At home, his many children in the weſt.
Six times for *thoſe*, he croſs'd the mighty main,
Six times for *theſe*, he ſwam it back again.
Nor yet in *England* could he be at reſt,
America too much had ſhar'd his breaſt.

† Whoever reads the letters wrote by Mr. *Whitefield*, at his firſt going out to preach the goſpel, and which are now publiſhing in weekly numbers, will perceive that he imbibed the goſpel-doctrines, viz. thoſe commonly called calviniſtical, almoſt, if not altogether, as ſoon as he received the goſpel itſelf. And his ſteady and unſhaken adherence to thoſe doctrines, throughout the whole courſe of his miniſtry, even to his dying moments, as appears by his laſt will and teſtament, is an inſtance of conſtancy, and firmneſs of mind, rarely to be met with in the life and conduct of the moſt eminent men.

Worn down with labours, and increasing age,
Yet ev'n these, his zeal could not assuage.
Relinquishing emolument, and ease,
Again he purposes to tempt the seas;
And as the sun, oft, hasting to his bed,
Doth on the eastern hills his glory shed;
So *Whitefield*, as foreknowing, that his race
Of life was near an end, full fraught with grace,
He summon'd all his strength, renew'd the strife,
And made a violent push to seize the crown of life.
Immanuel smil'd, and favour'd his desire,
Enkindled in his soul seraphic fire;
Commands the winds to waft him safely o'er
The well known deep, unto the wish'd for shore.
From Province unto Province flew his fame,
And all exulted at great *Whitefield's* name.
Persons of highest rank to him resort,
The primates of each Province pay their court,
Due honours for his message sake were giv'n,
Such as are due to men sent forth by heav'n.

But was his treatment when at home like this?
Not so, "for we (say they,) know whence he is;
"His parents, brethren, and his friends we know,
"His birth was mean, his pedigree was low,
"Therefore his message we may well despise,"
Vain men! what if commission'd from the skies?
But Christ himself, when preaching to his own,
Was set at nought, because at home, and known.
So like H I M, *Whitefield*, was by some despis'd,
Like him, by many others lov'd, and priz'd.
But in *America* his name was dear,
Far as Britania's shaggy lions rear.

Bethesda seen, and settled his affairs,
And casting on the Lord his strength, his cares,
Full fraught with zeal, from *Georgia* going forth,
His rout design'd, was, far into the north;
And almost ev'ry day he preach'd the word,
Upheld in life, and strengthen'd by the Lord.
As sailors long by cruel winds detain'd,
Oft wish, and sigh to see their native land;

Or

Or as the hireling by much toil oppreſs'd,
Longs for the ling'ring night, that he may reſt;
So *Whitefield* often pray'd, "Lord Jeſus, come,
"Come quickly, for I long to be at home.
"Confin'd by long diſeaſe let me not lie,
"But ſpeak the word, and let me preaching die."
The Lord in ſome degree his prayer heard,
And ſav'd his praying child from what he fear'd.
On Saturday, he preach'd with all his ſtrength,
Prolong'd his ſpeech to an uncommon length;
Was ſo exhauſted, till by friends upheld,
His work now done, he ſcarce could leave the field.
A little reſt the Lord vouchſaf'd that night,
But ſcarce the ſabbath's morn diſcloſ'd it's light,
Ere Jeſus, ſeated on his father's throne,
Sent a bright band of willing angels down.
"Go, ſaid the Lord, bid *Whitefield* come away,
"I know no earthly thing can him delay,
"The ſabbath he ſhall keep in heav'n, with me to
"day."
The winged cherubs bend their ſpeedy flight,
To Newberry-Port, juſt at the cloſe of night;
There the beloved object of their care,
They found engag'd with God in fervent pray'r.
He pray'd, "Lord Jeſus, if it is thy will,
"Let me this bleſſed day my work fulfil;
"Nor let me longer exil'd be from home,
"I long to be diſſolv'd, Lord Jeſus come."
Words like to theſe he us'd, ſcarce more had ſaid,
Roſe from his knees, and ſtretch'd upon the bed,
When, without groans, or ſighs, or pains, or bands,
He breath'd his ſpirit into Jeſus hands.
The angels joyfully the charge convey,
To the bright realms of everlaſting day,
There *Whitefield* mingles with the glorious throng,
Pretaught to ſing the new, the heav'nly ſong.
For *Whitefield* then, let us no longer weep,
His ſoul's with Chriſt, his body's laid to ſleep,
'Till Chriſt the judge, and Saviour ſhall appear,
Then wak'd to life, ſhall meet him in the air.

But for yourselves, lament, and weep, and grieve,
That ye no more like the dear *Whitefield* live.
Attend the providence, and drop a tear,
And let your melting hearts be mov'd with fear,
Lest God in anger should remove his light,
And leave the church in the thick gloom of night.
Which heav'n forbid, O may our gracious God,
Forgive our follies, and suspend the rod;
O let the mantle of *Elijah*, drop
On some *Elisha*, whom thou wilt raise up.
Still lead and guide us by thy word, till we,
Like *Whitefield*, shall be taken home to thee.

THE END.

9 FE63